

Eight Uncles 681

[Chapter 681 How Shameless](#)

Max nodded, "Alright then, I won't treat you poorly."

"I also plan to start my laboratory again, but I understand that it will be a personal enterprise unaffiliated with the government. The only promise I can make is to increase salaries by 30 percent and ensure that the insurance and housing fund contributions will not be neglected."

The others were suddenly moved.

In comparison to Max, the salaries of ordinary researchers were not as high. Max was an exception.

Based on their positions, their annual salaries ranged from two to three hundred thousand dollars, and for those on the next level, it was three to four hundred thousand dollars... While for people like Darwin, their annual salary was only one million dollars.

Doubling their current salary was a huge temptation.

Max continued, "But let's think about it. Those who choose to follow me will no longer have a stable job."

These words acted like a splash of cold water, causing everyone to calm down once again.

Of course, they would not have a stable job.

Although their current jobs were not thriving, they had a stable job. Even if this research laboratory were to collapse, they could still be transferred to other labs, and their salaries would not be affected significantly.

But as part of a private enterprise, they would have to rely on themselves...

And considering the additional benefits of their stable jobs, it seemed that the overall treatment would not be worse than what Max was offering...

Max left them with a final statement, "If you wish to leave, I'll be waiting outside. And I understand if you choose not to leave."

"All I can say is that I'll treat you well if you decide to follow me."

His intentions were based on honesty and integrity.

Not driven by money.

That was why he was willing to state a lower salary initially and then increase it once they left with him.

After Max finished speaking, she picked Lilly up and left the room.

Lilly lay on Max's shoulder and shouted, "Don't miss out! Follow my Uncle Max for delicious food, fancy treats, and spicy dishes. He's handsome, rich, and super powerful. Once you miss this opportunity, you won't find another like it!"

Max stumbled and almost fell.

"Who taught you that..." he exclaimed.

Lilly blinked innocently, "Hannah did!"

Max suddenly felt a headache.

Thank goodness, he did not bring Hannah along today to avoid any trouble.

As for Josh and the others, they wanted to come along too. However, Bettany video called them out of a sudden. So, they had to stay home to cover for Lilly.

Bettany asked if Lilly went out to see the typhoon, but Josh said Lilly had not gotten up yet.

Since Josh was overprotective of his younger sister and would follow her wherever she went, Bettany believed him.

After patting Lilly who was pretending to be asleep on the bed, Max headed out and made his escape.

Now Max was grateful that the other children had not tagged along, or else he would have found himself setting up a stall selling himself as he would be disowned.

However, Lilly's "marketing skills" had unexpected results.

Soon, half of the people in the laboratory took off their lab coats and followed Max, rushing away in a frenzy.

We're leaving!

We'll forfeit this month's salary if we have to!

This is too outrageous. I don't want to stay here any longer.

Almost everyone followed Max, and the laboratory was empty in an instant.

The remaining half hesitated. They believed that even if they did not achieve much, they still had stable jobs. They were still considered part of the country, which gave them more credibility than following Max.

If Max were to go bankrupt, they would not be able to return, and they would have no place to cry for their regrets.

Max walked out of the laboratory, leading the group of people who had decided to follow him.

"Mr. Max, we're with you!"

"Mr. Max, it doesn't matter if the funds are insufficient. We must continue our research."

"The only regret in my life would be not witnessing our country's lithography machine before I die. Everything else is inconsequential."

Max's heart was moved, and he declared firmly, "Don't worry, I will take responsibility for all of you! I will ensure that you're never underestimated by anyone!"

Lilly blinked, feeling that Max resembled Anthony at that moment.

The professional movers sent by Anthony were determined and efficient.

Mr. Martin, Mr. Young, and Darwin were still captivated by the virtual humans. The harem spirit and bridal ghost piqued their interest, and the harem spirit knew how to keep them occupied.

Now, with the laboratory almost empty, they came to see what was going on.

As soon as they entered, they discovered that the laboratory was half empty!

The high-precision instruments were gone!

Even in some areas, the LCD panels were removed, leaving only the mainframes.

It was as if they left one screw behind...

Regardless, the remaining equipment was useless. Most were outdated machines from ten years ago. Almost all the new ones were gone, and half of the core components of the lithography machine had been dismantled.

Half of the people had left!

Mr. Martin was furious and chased after them, shouting at Max, "What do you mean by this? Are you stealing from us?!"

How dare he trick the people in the laboratory to resign and move all the equipment away?

Even if Max left halfway, his laboratory could still function. However, how could the laboratory continue to function if he took almost half of the equipment away?

Max threw out a pile of invoice copies, and said boldly, "I paid for all of them out of my pocket."

Upon seeing the invoice, Mr. Martin, who was still recovering from yesterday's excitement and was preoccupied with other matters, did not bother to examine it thoroughly.

Max avoided mentioning the matter and swiftly changed the topic.

They had no idea Max owned most of the equipment.

They assumed that Max would take away one or two pieces of equipment at most.

To their surprise...

"I disagree!" Mr. Martin immediately frowned. "This is too much! Do you think the laboratory is your home, where you can just move everything whenever you please?"

Max scoffed, saying, "Mr. Martin, we signed the contract yesterday. I bought these instruments myself. Why can't I take them back?"

Mr. Martin's heart ached, but he was powerless.

"This contract does not count, we need to renegotiate!"

Mr. Martin turned pale.

How could Max say he owns most all the equipment here?

He objected.

There was no way he would allow Max to take them away!

Mr. Martin would write his name upside down if Max managed to take away the equipment.

[Chapter 682 Blake Had a New Identity](#)

Mr. Martin became even more agitated when he realized that Max had gathered a considerable number of followers.

Max could leave on his own, but taking so many people with him was out of the question.

Pointing at the large group of people, Mr. Martin asked, "What are all of you doing? Why don't you return to your positions? Don't you want to receive your salary this month?"

Unexpectedly, these people refused to comply.

"Haha, how amusing! You're not the one paying us!"

"You came here as part of a joint venture, and as soon as you arrived, you claimed ownership of our laboratory. Are you willing to split your salary with us?"

"We operate on different salary systems. Our pay comes from the state, and you have no right to threaten us."

No one paid any heed to Mr. Martin's demands, leaving him with a grim expression.

"You need to think this through. If you stay here, you'll have a stable job. The company might even provide additional bonuses, effectively giving you two incomes."

"If you go with Max, he might not be able to sustain his operations. Without financial support, he could face bankruptcy next year."

This mixture of coercion and temptation had its desired effect.

The wavering individuals hesitated for a moment before withdrawing from Max's team.

Max smiled.

Even a five-year-old child-like Lilly could tell the difference.

Is this foolish man helping Uncle Max filter out talents?

Those who succumbed to persuasion after just a few words would prove untrustworthy in the future, like Uncle Max's good friend Darwin.

It's better to part ways now!

Mr. Martin believed he had Max under control as he crossed his arms and sneered.

How old is Max? He's still too inexperienced.

Max, a foolish young man who lacks understanding and fails to respect his superiors, thinks he's impressive and incites others in front of the group to lure them away. Such feeble tactics!

And yet, he still wishes to challenge me.

He knew how to make sure that Max returns everything obediently!

Mr. Martin declared, " I suspect that something's wrong with your invoice. These aren't legit!"

He tore the invoice into pieces and threw it into the trash can.

"That equipment you claim to have purchased? Your words hold no weight, and the invoice means nothing. You need my approval to take them away!"

Max was aware that Mr. Martin would do this, so the invoices he provided were all copies. He had already sent the original to his brother.

He responded coldly, "Mr. Martin, we reached an agreement and signed a contract yesterday. Are you attempting to terminate it?"

Max retrieved the agreement.

Naturally, this agreement was also a copy, and he entrusted the original to his lawyer.

Thanks to Darwin, after being betrayed by a close friend, Max learned how to protect himself.

Unexpectedly, Mr. Martin took the agreement, glanced at it, and tore it. He exclaimed, "What agreement is this? The agreement you tricked us into signing is a fraud, do you understand? Do not act impulsively, young man. I hereby declare this agreement null. Let us discuss matters again! You cheated us first, your actions are shameless and illegal! However, due to your contributions to our laboratory, I will not pursue the matter further and will be willing to negotiate it with you again. That's it."

Mr. Martin desired the original document and instructed, "Mr. Young, get me some people and take Max to the office!"

"They have stolen items from the laboratory while we were not paying attention. They're sly and detestable. They managed to acquire the original invoice. Let's investigate how they forged it and report the matter to the authorities!"

Lilly was speechless.

Everyone was silent.

Max's heart turned cold. He had thought they were shameless, but their audacity surpassed his expectations.

How could he tear the contract?

Several security guards hurriedly approached and said, "We're sorry, Mr. Max!"

In the past, they held great respect for Max because the directors valued her highly.

However, with the director gone, Mr. Martin held the ultimate authority, and naturally, they had to side with him.

It seemed that Max was on the verge of being taken away.

Lilly rolled up her sleeves angrily.

Suddenly, a thunderous sound reverberated through the air...

A helicopter roared overhead and landed in the open area in front of the gate.

Everyone below was dumbfounded, realizing that someone with a powerful influence had arrived since they could fly a helicopter here.

The helicopter touched down, causing the grass to sway violently.

A tall man in a black suit and sunglasses descended from the helicopter. His expression was cold and stoic.

His hair was slicked back, and the wind tousled his tie and suit jacket, while his polished leather shoes gleamed... It was undeniably impressive and exuded a sense of coolness.

"Let's see who dares to lay a finger on him!" Blake coldly proclaimed.

Lilly's eyes widened and gaped her mouth...

Wow, so cool! Daddy looks so cool!

He had the aura of a distinguished figure.

Blake strode forward with purpose, emanating an icy demeanor that suggested he could take out an AK-47 any moment someone disagreed with him.

He approached Max, removed his sunglasses, and locked his cold gaze onto Mr. Martin. "Do you think you can lay a hand on Max and get away with it?"

Mr. Martin stared at the approaching man in bewilderment.

He discreetly approached Mr. Young and asked, "Who is this?"

Mr. Young also appeared perplexed. "I don't know... It's quite strange. I've never seen him before..."

At their level, even if they had not met someone in person, they would have looked at photos just to be prepared and recognize important individuals.

But they were certain they had never encountered Blake before and had no recollection of him.

To be cautious, Mr. Young positioned himself behind Mr. Martin, took a photo of Blake, and urgently searched online while seeking guidance from higher-ups.

Eventually, no one recognized him.

In other words, was he pretending to be someone powerful?

Mr. Martin sneered, "You're pretty good at pretending."

Mr. Young furrowed his brow. "Is Max trying to threaten us? This is such a childish act, he even went so far as to arrange for a helicopter."

Blake and Max were silent.

Lilly thought to herself...

Ah... I knew they wouldn't recognize Daddy.

Countless thoughts raced through Blake's mind.

He spoke coldly, "Mr. Brown, hand them my business card!"

Layton and Arthur, who had been pulled into the situation all of a sudden were at a loss.

Arthur thought to himself...

Don't look at me, I'm not the one being called.

Layton cursed in his heart...

Damn it, Patriarch, aren't you going too far?

Calling him Mr. Brown meant pretending to be Charlie, Anthony's assistant. It was a bold act.

After being absent from the story for many chapters, they made him do this right after he finally appeared on the scene.

Layton grumbled internally as he approached with a stern expression, holding Anthony's business card.

It was a good thing he had Anthony's business card just in case...

However, before he reached the front, Blake snatched the business card from his hand, flicked his finger, and flung the card onto Mr. Martin's face.

"I'm Anthony. Open your damn eyes and take a good look," Blake asserted boldly.

[Chapter 683 Why Would You Take Advantage of Me?](#)

Blake showed no shame as he spoke.

Lilly took small steps forward, folded his hands, and whispered, "Dad, Uncle Anthony has been on TV and there are photos of him."

Blake, who was pretending to be Anthony was stunned,

I think it's too late to change the photos on the Internet now...

Blake glanced at Layton.

Layton thought to himself...

What am I supposed to do? It's too late!

Arthur maintained his upright stance, wearing a fierce expression on his face, refusing to blink.

Lilly sighed, realizing that he still had to rely on a child to clean up the mess.

Lilly casually used a blinding talisman on the clueless duo.

Mr. Young found Anthony's photo on the internet, which he handed to Mr. Martin in a dazed state. Both of them stared in shock, exclaiming, "Oh, it's him! It's Anthony!"

The photos were an exact match.

Mr. Martin hastily extended his hand and said enthusiastically, "So you're Mr. Crawford! Mr. Crawford, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Crawford! I'm Willow Martin from Sky High Technology!"

Blake remained impassive and coldly looked at his outstretched hand.

Mr. Martin immediately withdrew his hand in embarrassment.

Blake raised an eyebrow. "What's the matter?"

The clueless duo still had the talisman on their heads. Mr. Martin was not thinking clearly and blurted out, "Mr. Crawford, you've arrived just in time! This is how it is. Max tried to take away the equipment from our laboratory!"

Mr. Young was also feeling a bit confused and exclaimed, "That's right! Because we didn't agree to the salary increase he proposed, he threatened to resign. And if he resigned, he wanted to take these things with him and encouraged others to leave as well. He's incredibly heartless."

Mr. Martin sighed, "Oh, young people these days..."

The foolish ghost clicked his tongue as he still had skills.

He then returned to Lilly's side.

Blake sneered, "What's my last name?"

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young were perplexed, "Your last name is Crawford..."

In the sparking revelation, something clicked into place when Blake continued, "What is Max's last name?"

The two were struck by lightning, "His last name is also Crawford... he's your..."

Lilly shook his head, "Anthony is my eldest uncle, and Anthony is my sixth uncle. What do you have to say to that?"

How foolish.

How couldn't they figure it out...

Daddy even hinted at them.

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young felt their legs go weak, wishing they could bite their tongues.

What did they say?

How could they speak ill of his younger brother in front of Anthony?!

And here he was, making a grand entrance, declaring that he would protect Max.

What were they thinking? Blurting out their grievances to Anthony...

No wonder Max could spend 200 million dollars on a futuristic house and dared to oppose him...

No wonder he could afford to purchase so much equipment...

Mr. Martin's face turned pale, mainly because Blake's aura was too strong and he could not bear it.

Mr. Martin's complexion turned pale as a result of the overwhelming presence emitted by Blake, rendering it unbearable for him.

"Mr. Crawford, please listen to our explanation..." Mr. Martin pleaded.

Blake sneered, "I've heard that you tore up all the invoices, is that correct?"

Mr. Young stumbled over his words, "Well, you see, Anthony moved a lot of equipment, which raised suspicion..."

Blake nonchalantly twirled his fingers behind his back, dismissing the nonexistent dust in the air.

"Did I also hear correctly that Mr. Martin tore up the negotiated agreement?"

Filled with regret, Mr. Martin uttered, "No, it was just... an accident..."

Anthony was the true powerhouse, overshadowing them all. In Anthony's presence, they paled in comparison.

If Blake were to provoke them and bankrupt them within minutes, how could he continue developing the virtual assistant project he had just taken over?

He could not afford to lose everything.

Mr. Martin could not bring himself to lower his head, but Mr. Young immediately bowed down, apologizing profusely, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, it was all a misunderstanding, it's our mistake..."

Mr. Martin also added, "I apologize as well. I was misled by rumors. Someone told me that Anthony had taken all the equipment from the laboratory... It was all a misunderstanding, all a misunderstanding..."

Blake gestured towards the moving convoy, where a pile of items remained unloading from the truck, and asked, "Can we continue moving these items now?"

Mr. Martin nodded repeatedly, saying, "Yes."

Blake inquired further, "Do we need to inspect the invoices?"

Despite feeling deeply wronged, Mr. Martin dared not show it and waved his hands, saying, "No, no, not

necessary!"

Blake then pointed to the trash can and asked, "What about the contract? Should I have someone stick it back together with tape?"

Mr. Young quickly stepped forward and replied, "No, no, I'll do it..."

Mr. Young picked up the contract, unknowingly also picking up a considerable amount of dog poop. He dared not utter a word, feeling utterly embarrassed.

Blake cast a cold glance at him, then gestured with his fingers, saying, "Keep moving."

The moving team immediately sprang into action.

Mr. Young attempted to please Blake, saying, "Mr. Crawford, should we find someone to help with the moving?"

Lilly took a couple of steps back and exclaimed, "Hey! Don't come near us, you've got dog poop on you!"

Mr. Young felt a surge of embarrassment, thinking that perhaps no one else had noticed...

But everyone's eyes were fixed on him.

Instinctively, Mr. Young wanted to wipe his hands on his trousers, but he resisted the urge and excused himself to wash his hands.

After everything was loaded into the vehicle, Blake asked, "Is there anything left?"

Confused, Max replied, "No... nothing else."

Just as Blake was about to depart, he suddenly made a teasing remark, saying, "After spending so much money on you, why won't you call me your big brother?"

Anthony clenched his teeth and reluctantly shouted, "Big brother!"

Blake pursed his lips, put on his sunglasses once again, nodded, and remarked, "Yes, good boy."

Max was embarrassed.

What good does it do you to take advantage of me?

[Chapter 684 Regretting It to the Point of Vomiting Blood](#)

Blake effortlessly lifted Lilly with one hand and exclaimed, "Let's go, is our little Lilly feeling hungry?"

Lilly responded eagerly, "Yeah!"

Blake carried Lilly into the helicopter as everyone watched.

Arthur maintained a stern and unyielding expression, protecting both himself and Lilly, exuding an air of authority as he pleased.

Layton uttered a parting remark, "It's better to take matters into your own hands."

The helicopter took off, departing amidst the sound of thunderous rotor blades.

Amidst the typhoon's fury, the helicopter braved the wind and rain. No one knew who the pilot was... The technology was so astounding that it made one question how they could fly so steadily even under artillery fire.

Once the helicopter departed, the moving convoy followed suit, tracing its path. It was a sight worth beholding.

Even television dramas did not dare to depict such scenes. Only in commercials or novels could one find such grandeur.

Everyone present was left speechless.

Mr. Martin remained silent.

Max, who was left behind, felt flabbergasted.

Coughing softly, Max turned to his colleagues who were about to leave with him and said, "Let's go. I'll drive."

The other colleagues who had come to work by car made their way to the parking lot.

They could not simply take away their belongings from their workstations because of their jobs. It would take several days to go through the proper procedures, so there was no rush.

The people who hesitated earlier felt a trace of discomfort. Little did they expect that Max possessed such a powerful background, causing them to regret their decision once again.

"Forget it. After we leave this job, we won't be able to work for private companies for half a year..."

"That's right, it will be half a year... We'll lose at least a hundred thousand dollars in salary. Money can cause so much trouble."

"Although we haven't resigned yet, at least we still have a stable job."

Just as Max was about to leave, he suddenly halted and turned back to the staff members following him, saying, "Oh, by the way, starting from today, you will formally resign following the proper procedure. Don't worry about the six-month gap. Everyone will receive a bonus of 200,000 dollars and enjoy paid leave."

"And when our new laboratory opens, everyone's salaries will increase by not just 30 percent..."

"We'll make it a 50 percent increase."

Max's assistants erupted in cheers.

No one doubted the credibility of Max's words.

After all, his older brother was Anthony, the richest man in the world!

"It's vacation time! It's vacation time! Hey, 200,000 dollars is a lot. Let me think about how to spend it!"

"I'm heading to the Maldives! I want to see the Great Migration in Africa!"

"I've had my eye on a car for a while. I'll buy it now!"

Originally, when Max mentioned a 30 percent increase in salaries, some were hesitating

But the next moment, they heard their salary would increase by 50 percent.

And paid leave was included.

What was the greatest regret in the world?

It was not missing out on a good opportunity.

It was seizing an opportunity but letting it slip away because you hesitated.

Those who hesitated about leaving felt more discomfort than those who never considered it in the first place.

And they suddenly realized a problem. Initially, they had intended to leave, but after Mr. Martin threatened and enticed them, they chose to resign.

How could people like them be trusted and given opportunities in the future if they stayed?

Those colleagues who did not leave in the beginning would also treat them as outcasts.

Leaders do not trust people like them either.

Witnessing Max and the others leave in the car, these individuals felt intense regret, so much so that they felt nauseated.

Despite Blake initially pretending to be Max's brother, it left Max feeling extremely dumbfounded.

However, he suddenly regained a sense of coolness, finding this display of extravagance truly impressive!

His actual brother would not be so flashy. While he could release his anger, it would not be as cool as Blake!

Max could not help but laugh as he found the sight of helicopters flying in the sky much more pleasing.

Lilly wore a helmet and eagerly gazed downward.

She had been on an airplane before, she had never been in a helicopter.

The sensation was so thrilling that her little heart kept racing.

"Daddy, where are we landing?" Lilly shouted enthusiastically.

Despite wearing earmuffs and speaking through microphones, people tend to instinctively raise their voices when their ears are sealed and the environment was noisy.

Blake sat lazily, securely holding Lilly in his arms, and replied in a lazy tone, "We're landing on your Uncle Max's roof"

Lilly was confused, "Huh?"

Can helicopters land on Uncle Max's rooftop?

She had been mistaken.

But it turned out to be true.

When Max drove downstairs, he saw a helicopter parked on the roof, and his mouth twitched.

The real estate agent was shocked, although they bragged when selling the house, what kind of building it was and what kind of high-end residence...

However, a helicopter never landed on the roof before!

"Wow... the owner of the penthouse is surprisingly extravagant."

"He's so humble... Is it too late to flirt with him now?"

Max walked over and hurriedly went upstairs as if escaping.

Well, this place would not remain for long.

But he also wanted to move to Alford. This futuristic house would need to be demolished and relocated... It was quite troublesome to think about.

Max contemplated how to move out while absentmindedly playing with his phone.

In the end, he accidentally tapped on something...

As soon as the door opened, he saw Stacy dressed in a maid outfit, wearing adorable black bunny ears on her head and a bunny tail...

Upon seeing him, she sweetly exclaimed, "Master, welcome home! Stacy will help you take off your slippers!"

Max was shocked.

He hastily took out his phone, nearly dropping it to the ground, and caught it just in time...

Blake, who had just arrived home was speechless.

Lilly was confused, "Hmm?"

Josh, Drake, and Zachary were dumbfounded.

Hannah commented, "Wow, Stacy's outfit is really cute, she's like a little rabbit!"

Max thought to himself...

Stop talking!

Slippers extended from the shoe cabinet, and Stacy knelt at the entrance, tilting her head and smiling, "Master, please change your shoes quickly! Oh, would you like someone to assist you?"

Max, gripping his phone tightly, quickly said, "Change back into your regular clothes!"

Stacy replied, "Alright, understood."

In the next moment, her attire transformed into a black silk suit.

Max coughed uncontrollably, "Yesterday's... yesterday's outfit!"

Stacy replied, "Alright, understood."

After a brief pause, she complained, "This is the default outfit. Master, you should explain the instructions clearly or choose the outfit you want on the phone!"

Max was silent.

It's over. Is it too late to hide?

Will I be greeted by the old lady's frying pan when I go back?

[Chapter 685 Spending 500 Million Dollars](#)

In the evening, Max kept his promise.

A large holographic screen in the living room displayed a vivid blue planet.

The term "holographic technology" referred to the ability to view images in three-dimensional 3D format, unlike the flat surface experience of watching mobile phones and TVs. The visual sensation is akin to observing virtual objects.

Several children marveled at the magnificent Earth before them, exclaiming with excitement.

Max relaxed and began his explanation, "This is Earth... When a typhoon forms, it appears like this in satellite images..."

A holographic representation of swirling clouds appeared.

Max continued, "Once a typhoon is formed, it follows a specific path. What we see now is the typhoon that is currently affecting Wyndon in real-time."

Lilly finally caught a glimpse of the typhoon.

Moreover, it was a non-threatening typhoon that could be observed clearly and explained comprehensively.

She witnessed the typhoon's approach, its trajectory, the reason behind its cooling, and the duration of its impact, as well as how long the winds and rain would persist.

"It's amazing!" Lilly exclaimed.

Max remarked, "That's why we'll have windy and rainy days ahead to cool things down. Wyndon was quite hot initially, but this typhoon will bring significant changes. You'll need to wear a jacket when going outside, otherwise, you'll feel chilly."

Lilly nodded in understanding.

"Alright, time for bed! You can enjoy your time at home for the next few days. Uncle Max will need several days to pack and prepare."

Lilly replied, "Okay."

At that moment, Bettany appeared on a video call.

"Lilly?" Bettany smiled, "Did you go out today?"

Lilly shook her head, saying, "No."

Bettany asked, "Did you go to see the typhoon?"

Lilly held up her phone excitedly and exclaimed, "Grandma, look!"

She showed the typhoon on the holographic screen, demonstrating it to Bettany once again while talking animatedly. Surprisingly, she repeated exactly what Max had just said.

Max was taken aback, amazed by Lilly's impressive memory.

Blake leaned back on the sofa, engrossed in his phone, and remarked, "Isn't she incredible?"

Max praised, "It's truly astonishing how this young child can memorize such complex professional vocabulary."

Blake responded, "Well, I'm the one who raised her."

Max was speechless.

He threw a pillow at Blake.

...

While Max was busy packing in the following days, Mr. Martin was not sitting idle.

Initially, they were filled with trepidation, fearing that Antony would seek retribution.

They also worried that he might retaliate by reclaiming the virtual assistant Max gave them.

But they soon realized he was not taking any action.

Gradually, their anxiety subsided.

Although their virtual assistant research was ongoing, and they still harbored concerns, the construction of the futuristic house continued unabated. Mr. Martin believed that even if retaliation came eventually, he would have a virtual house to enjoy at the very least...

Their futuristic house was located in an upscale community near Mr. Martin's residence. He had purchased a spacious flat spanning over 2000 square feet, with three sets of virtual assistants.

Darwin was consumed by his passion, paying no heed to Mr. Martin's worries. His sole focus was creating his virtual assistant.

Consequently, he made swift progress.

Mr. Martin authorized a sum of 500 million dollars, which he promptly utilized for buying the equipment he needed. The acquired items included high-tech panels, LCD screens, kitchen facilities, sofas, and room amenities listed on Max's inventory. He spent all 500 million dollars in an instant, prompting Mr. Martin to express his distress, remarking, "As expected, it's like burning money..."

Meanwhile, Darwin was engrossed in coding and commented, "Mr. Martin, it's not too extravagant. Max's house costs 200 million dollars."

Considering that they spent only 500 million dollars for three houses, they even received a discount of 100 million dollars.

Mr. Martin pondered the situation. He initially believed that this project would require a significant amount of money, but he still wore a concerned expression as he asked, "Couldn't you have purchased one set of equipment for the futuristic house? Why did you buy three sets all at once?"

He worried that if the project failed, they would have lost 500 million dollars in one go.

In response, Darwin stated, "Mr. Martin, you never told me about that!"

Mr. Martin was speechless.

[Chapter 686 Apologies, Your Virtual Assistant Has Malfunctioned](#)

Darwin continued, "And if we're going to study, we need to study everything. With Max as an example, we can't possibly fail. It just takes a little time to get everything set up."

"It's better to buy together than to buy separately. We'll even get a discount, saving us a billion."

Mr. Martin thought it made sense.

He decided that he would enjoy one of the rooms himself.

Then he would use one of the rooms as a model for clients to visit.

The remaining room would be reserved for Darwin's research, as three rooms were the minimum requirement.

"Alright, get to work," Mr. Martin said.

Darwin nodded, but in reality, he was overwhelmed.

Max had provided him with this black box, which contained the infrastructure for three virtual assistants.

Now that the devices had been purchased, he should have been able to extract the three virtual assistants and place them on three different spacious floors.

But for some reason, this simple task had taken him two whole days, and he still couldn't get it to work!

After copying them, the virtual assistants simply wouldn't activate.

They only appeared on the panel of the black box.

"Strange..." Darwin muttered to himself.

Mr. Martin immediately asked, "What's wrong?"

Mr. Young stood by, observing, and asked, "Is there a problem? Should I assign a few people to help you?"

Darwin shook his head, saying, "No need."

Many people had already been assigned to install the smart home system.

Now he just needed to extract the virtual assistants...

If he couldn't even do that, how could he let Mr. Martin and the others know?

Darwin feigned composure and reluctantly placed the black box under the main panel in the room. He connected it and started operating.

Ding...

"Good evening, Master. I am Dahlia. Is there anything I can assist you with?" the virtual assistant's voice sounded.

Harem Spirit was getting bored with her role, feeling a bit listless.

Mr. Martin wondered, "What's wrong? The virtual assistant seems a bit off."

Their state seemed off.

They lacked enthusiasm and seemed a bit fed up...?

Darwin coughed and lied, "I made some adjustments. I wanted to fix the bug that Max mentioned..."

Mr. Martin immediately interrupted, "Don't make any changes for now. If Max couldn't fix it, do you think you can? Let's leave it as it is."

Mr. Young also chimed in, "That's right. It's just a minor issue. But if you mess it up, we won't be able to ask Max to fix it."

Darwin nodded obediently, but he felt uneasy deep inside.

What did they mean by even Max couldn't fix it? He couldn't fix it either!

Now that the virtual assistant technology was in his hands, he should have the final say. Why was Max still holding him back?

Darwin's competitive spirit ignited, and he pretended to be setting things up while secretly trying to find the bug.

Meanwhile, Harem Spirit accompanied Mr. Martin on a room tour.

"Mr. Martin, this room has been prepared for you by Dahlia. This is a smart bed. If you need assistance with sleep, Dahlia can provide it," Harem Spirit explained.

Ghost Bride stood nearby and shyly added, "I can do it too!"

Mr. Martin swallowed nervously, his face flushed.

"Let's try out the virtual assistant's functions," he said, glancing at Tinkerbelle, who was playing with her fingers in the living room.

Mr. Young understood and immediately said, "Mr. Martin, you've had a long day. Why don't you rest for a while? If your wife calls later, I'll tell her you're working overtime."

Indeed, he was working overtime, and there were no issues at all.

Mr. Martin nodded.

Mr. Young closed the door and left.

Mr. Martin looked around the room with excitement.

This room was truly high-tech. Although it wasn't fully installed yet, Darwin had given it a test run. Now, the "window" displayed a beautiful blue ocean, instantly transforming the room into a seaside view.

Harem Spirit and Ghost Bride stood on either side of him.

Harem Spirit, dressed in a seductive outfit, sat on the edge of the bed and began to entice, "Why aren't you sleeping, master? Do you need Dahlia to help you sleep?"

Mr. Martin, with a foolish expression, looked him up and down while unbuttoning his shirt. "How would you help me sleep? Do you have any special techniques?"

Harem Spirit hesitated, not knowing how to respond.

Ghost Bride raised her voice timidly, "Um, I have something."

Hanging herself with the rope, would that count as a special technique?

Mr. Martin's eyes lit up. "Very well!"

Ghost Bride promptly produced the rope.

Mr. Martin thought to himself, this is exciting! I never expected this!

Max, that little guy, didn't figure this out!

Harem Spirit suddenly felt a sense of opportunity and flashed a mischievous smile.

She approached Ghost Bride and gestured discreetly.

The time had come.

Ghost Bride held the rope, looking confused.

Harem Spirit spoke, "Why aren't you sleeping, master? Do you need Dahlia to help you sleep?"

Mr. Martin exclaimed in surprise, wondering why the exact words were repeated. He decided to say it again.

After he finished speaking, Harem Spirit maintained the same smile and tone as before, "Why aren't you sleeping, master? Do you need Dahlia to help you sleep?"

Mr. Martin furrowed his brow, thinking something was wrong. Did it malfunction?

He looked at Ghost Bride.

Ghost Bride held the rope and said coyly, "Master, do you need a special sleep service?"

Mr. Martin replied eagerly, "Yes, you come."

Ghost Bride, in a coy tone, repeated, "Master, do you need a special sleep service?"

So, no matter what Mr. Martin said, Harem Spirit always responded with the same line, "Why aren't you sleeping, master? Do you need Dahlia to help you sleep?"

And Ghost Bride always said, "Master, do you need a special sleep service?"

Mr. Martin: I've taken off my pants, and you're showing me this?

He felt dissatisfied. Just when he was feeling frustrated, the virtual assistants malfunctioned at this moment. He tried various commands repeatedly.

In the end...

Harem Spirit smiled and said, "Apologies, your virtual assistant is experiencing a malfunction. Goodbye, master! Remember to come and find Dahlia soon! Dahlia is here to serve you wholeheartedly!"

Ghost Bride added, "Ah... me too."

Suddenly, a puff of smoke rose from the heads of the two virtual assistants, followed by a soft click, and they disappeared instantly.

Mr. Martin was left dumbfounded.

Mr. Martin was consumed by a wave of anger. He immediately dressed and went outside to ask, "Darwin, what's going on? Why are the virtual assistants gone?"

Outside, Darwin was sweating profusely, feeling nervous.

[Chapter 687 The Proper Use of Hell Ruler Palace](#)

Harem Spirit and Ghost Bride hovered outside the window, their attention fixated on the malignant spirit perched atop Darwin's head.

Ghost Bride asked, "Harem, should we capture it and bring it back to Lilly?"

The two ghosts stared at the malignant spirit, contemplating their options. Harem Spirit was inclined to capture it, considering she now held the title of Ghost General and a mere malignant spirit posed no challenge.

However, a voice interrupted their thoughts, saying, "Don't act. Let Lilly handle it herself."

Startled, Harem Spirit and Ghost Bride turned to see the sudden appearance of the elusive Pablo. With an air of nonchalance, he declared, "Some things can't be done by others."

Harem Spirit retorted, "Oh, come on. How can we be considered 'others'? We're not even human."

Pablo was momentarily speechless.

Ghost Bride nodded fervently, resembling a small pecking chicken. "Exactly! We are the spirits under Lilly's command. Capturing it is the same as Lilly capturing it."

Harem Spirit chimed in, "Besides, what if we wait for Lilly to come tomorrow and it escapes?"

Pablo calmly stated, "It won't escape."

He flicked his sleeve, and the night breeze billowed his robe, with the corners fluttering and his jet-black hair dancing.

Although his complexion was unnaturally pale, his eyes were pitch-black and profound, his nose high and regal, and his lips a vibrant crimson. Between his eyebrows, there was a trace of majesty...

Harem Spirit's eyes flickered, and she approached him with a mischievous smile. "Judge Belmont, have you been guarding this place all these days? We haven't seen you around."

Pablo's eyelid twitched, his expression unchanged. "Dare to touch me and find out."

Harem Spirit thought to herself, Oh dear, he's caught on to me.

She innocently rubbed her nose and complained, "What are we supposed to do then, just keep watching?"

Arms folded, Pablo replied, "No need."

Suddenly, Harem Spirit asked, "Judge Belmont, I have a question... You said we shouldn't intervene, but

you used spells to bind this spirit to Darwin's head, preventing it from escaping. So, did you not intervene, or did you intervene? Why won't you let us take action?"

Pablo found himself speechless.

"I didn't intervene," Pablo retorted, his tone exasperated. "I used my presence to subdue it."

Harem Spirit had an epiphany. "So, my lord, you've secretly been watching over this spirit for Lilly all these days, even though you denied it just now."

Pablo replied, "... Get lost."

Harem Spirit quickly responded, "Alright!"

She immediately took hold of Tinkerbelle, led Ghost Bride, and returned comfortably to report.

With Pablo watching over the place, there was no need to worry about the greedy ghost escaping.

They could sleep peacefully and come back with Lilly tomorrow.

However, Pablo, who remained in place, couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss...

**

Mr. Martin angrily scolded Darwin and spent the entire night going crazy fixing bugs.

Meanwhile, Lilly and the others slept soundly, enjoying a good rest.

The little ones, who always went to bed early and woke up early, discovered Max frantically packing things with Stacy when they woke up.

Harem Spirit chattered on the side, recounting the events of the past few days and informing Lilly that they were going to capture the greedy ghost today.

Lilly, in a dreamlike state, mechanically nodded. "Mmm... Mmm..."

Stacy squatted on the ground, reaching out to poke at the inaccessible packages. "Master, you received this large box only in the morning. When will the packing be finished?"

Max felt a headache coming on and rubbed his temples. "I didn't consider how difficult it would be to unpack everything. All the equipment is nailed down..."

He had intended to hire an electrician to help with the dismantling, but he didn't want to disturb Lilly, so he had to wait a little longer.

However, just as he was about to start, he saw Lilly rubbing her eyes, standing dazedly on the stairs.

Her hair was slightly messy, and she hadn't fully regained her senses yet. She still held her little rabbit in her arms.

"Lilly, are you awake?" Max picked up Lilly.

Lilly responded softly, "Mmm..."

Max's voice turned gentle. "You're not fully awake yet, huh? My Lilly, what would you like for breakfast? Wyndon's cream soup and creamy bacon carbonara are delicious. Shall we go out to eat later?"

Lilly nodded, "Okay!"

She glanced around and noticed several suitcases in the living room—two were filled, while the other two remained empty, open on the floor.

"Uncle Max hasn't finished packing yet?" Lilly asked.

Max sighed, "It's difficult to unpack. I've hired a professional team, but only I know how everything was put together... It'll probably take another three to five days."

Lilly replied, "... Oh, Uncle Max, do you want me to help?"

Max responded instinctively, "What can you do to help me..."

But then he saw Lilly shake her wrist, causing the Hell Ruler Palace to sway.

"My Hell Ruler Palace is amazing. It can be used as luggage, a super-sized moving suitcase. I can move the entire house with it!"

Max was left speechless.

He struggled to say, "It can... move everything?"

Lilly nodded confidently, "Yes, I can move the whole house in and out simultaneously."

Hell Ruler Palace, the ultimate moving tool. You deserve to have one.

Lilly felt that it was a waste to leave the Hell Ruler Palace idle all the time. Such a large Hell Ruler Palace, just hanging around on a wrist strap all day, was unacceptable.

If it's the Hell Ruler Palace, it should fulfill its purpose fully. A Hell Ruler Palace that is useful at any time

is a truly qualified Hell Ruler Palace.

Whoosh...

Everything in the entire flat was instantly sucked into the Hell Ruler Palace.

Josh and the others, who were still asleep, fell to the ground with a thud and groggily got up...

Then they looked up and realized, "Where's the house?"

The cool and luxurious high-tech rooms, where had they gone? Why were they sleeping on bare concrete floors surrounded by plain concrete walls, devoid of anything?

"Uncle Max... Was our house robbed?" Josh was bewildered.

Max, sitting on the concrete "sofa," looked equally confused, his head buzzing.

"Who could rob it so cleanly?" Max echoed, equally clueless.

There wasn't even a door left.

No door frame remained.

And Stacy... Stacy was gone too!

Max anxiously asked, "Is Stacy okay? Will it affect her programming?"

Lilly pondered for a moment. "In theory, it shouldn't."

Max was speechless once again.

Lilly suggested, "Let's take it out and see."

Max was about to say it wasn't necessary since they had just packed everything up and taking it out would create chaos.

But then his vision blurred, and the house returned to its original state. Even the screw that had been at his feet moments ago was still there.

Stacy was squatting on the ground, blinking. "Master, what happened? Did my signal cut off?"

She checked herself in confusion, confirming with a nod, "The signal did cut off. What did you say just now, Master?"

Max felt like he was in a dream.

Was this too exaggerated?!

To pack the entire house like that?

And then unpack it and put everything back in place?

This was beyond what you'd find in a novel!

No, even novel authors wouldn't dare to write something like this! They would be criticized to death.

[Chapter 688 Vision of the Future: She Had Seen This Old Man](#)

Max looked at the small Hell Ruler Palace pendant in astonishment, his mind racing with scientific conjectures:

This is just a high-tech "folded space," a product of advanced civilization from the future...

Scientifically, this concept is called space folding...

Space folding is a phenomenon where space is distorted due to powerful gravitational forces...

This phenomenon is indeed real, and theoretically, if enough gravitational force is achieved, space can be bent...

It's like walking from one end of a flat piece of paper to the other; besides walking in a straight line between two points, you can also fold the paper, bringing the two points closer and directly passing through...

Blah blah blah...

The more Max thought, the more chaotic his mind became, and he gave up, lying flat on the ground, declaring, I don't want to think about it anymore!

"Wow... amazing!" Max imitated Blake, unable to comprehend the situation, so he resorted to praise.

Lilly smiled with her eyes curved, "Of course!"

"Quick, Drake, Josh, Zac, Hannah, let's go change clothes and eat!" Lilly exclaimed.

Lilly ran back to her room to change clothes, urging Josh, Drake, Zachary, and Hannah, who were still standing there in a daze.

Zachary quickly took out a notebook from his pocket:

Hell Ruler Palace: Folded space function, accommodating everything...

Blake ran back, and as soon as he entered, he noticed everyone standing there dumbfounded. He asked curiously, "What's wrong? Did you see a ghost this early in the morning?"

He held two buns in his hand and handed one to Max, saying, "Here, Max, have some!"

Max snapped out of his daze in an instant.

You scoundrel!

He sighed and said, "No thanks, later I'll take Lilly out to have cream soup and creamy bacon carbonara."

Blake nodded, "Sounds good, I'm hungry too."

Max was speechless.

What's wrong with him? He buys two buns to appease him, but he plans to take Lilly out for a fancy meal himself?

Suddenly, a flicker flashed in Max's eyes. He wanted to give his employees paid leave and was about to transfer a large sum of money from his savings account.

"Blake," Max smiled, squinting his eyes, "Do you have any money?"

Blake felt pleased and checked to see how Lilly was doing while saying, "Of course, more than your real brother."

Max replied, "I don't believe you. You're just showing off with my brother's money."

Blake was speechless, "Who said that? The helicopter is mine, and so is the personnel."

This time, he didn't use a single cent from Anthony.

He just borrowed his name for a while.

Max said, "I heard that you only spend my brother's money when you're doing charity."

Blake chuckled, "That's for accumulating good karma for your brother."

Max continued, "Even buying pants, you use my brother's money."

Blake responded, "When did I do that?"

Max said, "When you bought matching outfits with Lilly, you conveniently paid for it."

Blake was relatively speechless.

Unable to reason with him, Blake picked up his water glass, ignored Max, and took a sip.

But Max stared at him and said, "Did you fall for my sister and start eyeing my brother?"

Blake spits out a mouthful of water at Max's words...

"I fell for you," Blake glared, "Why don't you mention that?"

This time, it was Max's turn to be speechless.

You shameless bandit leader...

"Isn't it just about money?" Blake said irritably, "You think these petty tricks can work on me."

He took out his phone and said, "Tell me, how much do you need?"

Max grinned, "You're not going to use my brother's card again, are you?"

Blake rolled his eyes, "It's my card!"

Max stretched his neck to take a look, making sure it was his card, and immediately said, "Not much, I want to pay my employees' salaries. I don't have that much money at hand, so give me a billion first."

Blake fell silent.

First?

So he's going to ask for more later?

Do you want to listen to what you just said?

"What kind of salary can cost a billion?" Blake was speechless, "That's the dowry for your niece's marriage, and you have the nerve to ask for it."

Max replied, "Anyway, you can earn more. Your business is much broader than my brother's, yet he has to support you. You've set your sights on my brother."

Blake said, "Shut up."

He quickly transferred the money, truly afraid of him.

Stacy immediately reported, "Ding! Master, your card ending in 886 has received a deposit. One billion... Wow, Master, you look so handsome when you make money!"

Blake fell silent.

Max shouted, "Thanks, boss!"

Seeing Lilly dressed and coming out, he laughed and went up to lift Lilly, saying, "Let's go! I just made a lot of money, and I'll take you to eat something delicious!"

"Josh, Drake!"

"Zac, Hannah!"

"Hurry up, good food doesn't wait for anyone."

Max, feeling rich, swaggered out with a group of little rascals in tow.

Blake grumbled and followed with the keys.

But when they arrived at their destination...

His lips twitched incessantly as he looked at the restaurant in front of him.

The restaurant was on the third floor, with the entire floor being open, surrounded by bright floor-to-ceiling windows.

The place was bustling with crowds, and almost all the tables were occupied.

Max had reserved a table and sat amidst the noisy crowd with a bunch of kids chattering and chirping.

With all that money, he couldn't bear to go to a more upscale five-star restaurant?

Max said, "You don't understand. The taste of the masses never deceives. The most authentic food is often found in places like this."

Blake sat down confidently, and the dishes arrived quickly. Soon, the table was filled with breakfast, and Lilly and the kids enjoyed the food, their eyes shining.

He took a bite... it was indeed good.

After eating and drinking their fill...

Lilly stretched lazily and said, "Mmm... I'm full! It's time to go to work!"

Max chuckled, "What work are you going to do?"

Lilly said, "Catch ghosts!"

Max choked, "Where... where are you going?"

Lilly took Max's hand and ran, saying, "Let's go find your good friend, Darwin."

Max didn't understand, but seeing that Lilly wasn't joking, he didn't ask any further.

As the car drove on the road to a high-end neighborhood, Lilly looked at the scenery outside the window, humming a song. Suddenly, she stopped.

On the other side of the street, there was an elderly person huddled, trembling, walking with difficulty, their back stooped...

The car was moving fast, and Lilly quickly leaned against the window, watching the elderly person becoming smaller and smaller...

Her smile faded from her face.

This old woman, she had seen him before.

That day, when she used the pen of judgment, apart from seeing another world, she also saw this old woman in front of her...

The old woman was wrapped in a thin layer of plastic film to shield herself from the rain. The plastic film was short, only covering his upper body. She trembled and stumbled, struggling to walk amid the typhoon. She huddled his body, every step being extremely difficult...

Lilly was stunned, only now vaguely understanding... she had foreseen the present moment a week ago with the pen of judgment, a fleeting image outside the car window.

Foreknowledge...?

The pen of judgment could foresee?

Blake followed her gaze, asking, "Lilly, what's wrong?"

Lilly looked out the window, the old woman had already disappeared from the scene, and the swaying

scenery of trees in the typhoon had a sense of familiarity.

"Nothing... Daddy." Lilly shook her head, but the shadow of that old woman lingered in her mind.

[Chapter 689 Capturing the Greedy Ghost](#)

Darwin went crazy fixing bugs all night long.

As the day broke, his computer suddenly went black with a loud "buzz"—it crashed.

He instantly collapsed, picking up his laptop and smashing it on the table. "How is this possible? I can't fix it? It can't be true, it can't be!"

Thinking about what Mr. Martin said before leaving last night, he knew that if he couldn't fix it, he would be in trouble.

He knew Mr. Martin was capable of doing anything.

He didn't want to end up in prison.

So why did Max have to leave?

He had given Max all the data on the virtual assistant. Couldn't Max stay a little longer and wait for him to figure everything out?

Couldn't Max help him set it up properly before leaving, or maybe create a tutorial?

Did Max refuse to help him, knowing well that he wouldn't understand? What kind of friend was that?

Darwin's eyes turned red, and the greedy ghost on his head grew a large mouth that almost reached his abdomen.

With just a little more, it could devour him completely.

The greedy ghost had seen the harem spirit staring at Darwin last night, though it didn't notice Pablo standing nearby.

He should have left as soon as the harem spirit departed.

But Darwin had become obsessed with the virtual assistant. Greed made him desire both the honor and wealth that would come with its successful development. He also wanted to surpass Max by fixing the bug and achieving a remarkable comeback, to prove that he was better than Max.

The greedy ghost was also greedy, thinking that Darwin was already in that state, and it was just a step away from devouring him completely...

Then the door creaked open.

Lilly and Max stood there in front of him.

The greedy ghost was startled at the sight of Lilly, sensing a terrifying aura even more dreadful than the harem spirit.

The greedy ghost immediately tried to run.

Lilly raised her palm, and without needing to touch the greedy ghost, she sealed it within Darwin.

The greedy ghost swelled to its maximum size, almost reaching the ceiling. The enormous ghostly shadow wriggled and struggled, angrily shouting, "Let me go!"

Lilly remained unfazed.

Darwin looked up and saw Max, instantly lighting up.

"Max, why are you here?" Darwin exclaimed with joy. "It's perfect timing. I've encountered a difficult problem. How do I fix this bug?"

He wanted to open his computer but realized he had smashed it himself.

Going insane, he ran around the room and pulled out another laptop, thrusting it into Max's hands.

"Here, take this! It's the bug I found, but I can't fix it... Well, as long as the program can run, we don't need to worry about this bug... I just can't restore it to its original state."

"And those three virtual assistants don't show up. Max, please help me."

Max looked at him coldly, withdrawing his hand and pushing away Darwin's computer.

"Why should I help you?" Max said expressionlessly.

Darwin looked saddened. "You say that. Aren't we good friends?"

Max sneered, "Friends? Friends who stab me in the back?"

He looked around the room, seeing that Darwin had merely copied his design but failed to understand anything.

Darwin replied awkwardly, "Max, I didn't want to do this. It was Mr. Martin and the others who forced me."

He sighed, "You know, I couldn't refuse! I need this job, and I have an 80-year-old mother at home..."

Max interrupted, "You couldn't refuse, so you decided to steal from me?"

Darwin was also getting angry.

He didn't want to fall out with Max, really, he cherished Max as a friend!

He just wanted to have Max as a friend and also have the skills of the virtual assistant, just a little better than Max...

That's all, what's wrong with that?

"Max, you disappoint me..." Darwin said, "I thought you wouldn't mind. The virtual assistant is just something you play with, but I need it to save my life."

"As a good friend, can't you understand that?"

Max stepped back, his face devoid of any emotion, and coldly said, "Understand you? Do I have to finish researching the virtual assistant and then give you the core secrets of the lithography machine for you to understand?"

Darwin hesitated for a moment. He originally wanted to deny it, but the words slipped out, "If I need it, can't you share it with me? Can't we succeed together? Why do you have to hoard everything for yourself?"

Max had already gained enough recognition.

He had won all kinds of awards both domestically and internationally.

Over the years, he had never seen him consider helping his good friend.

Who could bear that in their heart? Darwin felt that he had been pushed to this point by Max.

Max didn't want to argue with him anymore. He just said, "You're insane."

He didn't want to see Darwin anymore and told Lilly and Blake, "I'll wait for you outside."

Unexpectedly, Darwin exploded. He smashed the newly acquired laptop on the ground and angrily said, "Yes, I'm insane! You, with your privileged background, can't understand the struggles of us from humble origins. You don't know how hard we worked to get here! It's easy for you to go abroad for further studies, but we had to exhaust all the efforts of our entire family just to go to college!"

"You're so aloof because you're never short of money. You have a wealthy brother and a prestigious family. You can get whatever you want just by reaching out your hand. But what about me?"

"I've come this far, finally bringing honor to my family, and I want to do even better. What's wrong with that? You've never experienced the hardships of life, so what right do you have to look down on someone like me who has worked so hard?"

Max remained silent.

When did he ever look down on him?

Lilly and the others listened, astounded by his reasoning.

Wow, such logic, is both strong and bizarre.

Indeed, successful people have their reasons for success, and peculiar people have their peculiar perspectives.

Max felt exhausted. He said he didn't want to see Darwin, and he really didn't want to. He left without arguing with Darwin over his words.

Darwin shouted, "So, what does it mean for you to come here? You're not here to help me, are you? You're just here to laugh at me, right?"

No one answered him.

Blake lifted his foot and closed the door with a bang.

Inside the room, there was one big person and five smaller ones, staring at him intently.

Darwin panicked and asked, "What do you want to do?"

Blake twisted his wrist and said, "Nothing much... I'm the protective type. As the big brother, I can't stand seeing someone bully my little brother."

"My little brother is young and doesn't know how to fight back, but I'm different..."

In a flash, Blake's figure moved, and the next moment, there was a loud thud as Darwin was kicked and flipped onto the ground. His hands were pinned behind his back, rendering him immobile!

"Let me go!" Darwin's eyes turned red. "You're trespassing on private property. You're breaking the law. You..."

Blake's foot stepped on Darwin's cheek, grinding his face into the ground, and he whimpered, unable to

speaking any further.

Lilly reached out and grabbed the Greedy Ghost.

The large-sized Greedy Ghost was like a huge plastic bag, being pulled and gradually stuffed into the jar of souls by Lilly.

"Let's go!" Lilly clapped her hands. "Job done."

Blake released Darwin, his voice ominous, "You seem dissatisfied by the look on your face. Remember, my name is Anthony. If you have the guts, come find me."

[Chapter 690 Lilly's First Act of Judgment](#)

Blake dared utter those words because he saw no reason to fear Darwin.

Darwin, a man driven by deep-seated greed, always sought to justify his actions despite his inherent weakness.

Furthermore, if Mr. Martin didn't put Darwin behind bars, Blake would gladly do so without a second thought, never granting him even the slightest opportunity.

After finishing her task of collecting the spirits, Lilly silently observed Darwin. She raised her hand, and the pen of judgment materialized in her grasp.

"Unveiling the illusions..."

Lilly murmured as the pen of judgment hovered before her, pointing at Darwin's past and future. She watched in silence.

Darwin was imprisoned and, upon his release, he became bitter and resentful, moving from one small company to another.

He then befriended an "accomplice" and shamelessly stole his friend's achievements, claiming them as his own.

His friend met a tragic end, and Darwin gained fame and fortune through his stolen accomplishments. Though constantly criticized by others, he found ways to retaliate against those who spoke ill of him.

Over time, he became a true villain, shrouded in darkness and treachery. At home, he would verbally abuse his wife and children, while at work, he would be subservient to his superiors.

Lilly tightly gripped the pen of judgment, and this was Darwin's life—a revelation she had not expected.

The pen of judgment remained suspended between her fingers, granting her the power to pass

judgment upon Darwin.

"Let us strip away his wealth and remove his benefactors' favor," Lilly's eyes glimmered with insight as she issued her first judgment.

"Wealth, the fortune one accumulates in a lifetime, intertwined with their blessings."

"Benefactors are not limited to the narrow literal meaning of the word, such as Max, Darwin's 'friend' in the future. They are individuals who play a significant role in his life—those who provide him with what he desires, but are regarded as villains by others."

Lilly once again witnessed Darwin's life unfold before her. After being released from prison, he found a small company and intentionally approached his "friend." However, his friend unwittingly discovered his deceitful nature and promptly distanced himself.

Darwin's plans were thwarted, and he was scorned by others, leaving him with no choice but to leave the company and seek another.

Repeatedly, he would employ his talents and past credentials to ingratiate himself with new targets, but his reputation preceded him, and no one fell for his schemes anymore.

His life became a cycle of aimlessness, drifting between several small companies. In a fit of rage, he was caught by his wife's family while berating her, resulting in a severe beating.

Now, he couldn't gain any advantage and lived a life of utter frustration and gloom.

Lilly withdrew the pen of judgment, gazing at the frantic Darwin before her. Her heart had completely calmed.

"Let's go, Daddy!" Lilly held Blake's hand.

Blake nodded, and they walked away.

Josh was baffled.

Is... is it over just like that?

"Wait for me!" Josh chased after them.

Hannah said in confusion, "Huh?"

So, what was the purpose of their visit here?

Hannah followed along, looking bewildered. Well, it didn't matter. As long as she didn't have to do

homework.

Drake, with his hands in his pockets, displayed an impatient expression. Zachary reflexively followed, lost in his thoughts.

Floating next to Lilly, Pablo remarked, "The judgment you just passed is known as instant karma."

Lilly was surprised. "Master, did you witness it too?"

Pablo shook his head. "I didn't see what you saw, but I can perceive the changes in the ledger."

He opened his ledger, flipping to the page featuring Darwin, and let it linger there.

"You have the power to determine how a person's past and present lives should unfold, the general course of their existence. You can also mete out their instant karma."

"But remember, the greater your authority, the more cautious you must be with your pen."

Otherwise, she would be consumed by the thrill of power, whimsically manipulating the lives of others, seeking revenge, or forcing them to become better. That was forbidden.

Lilly nodded. "I understand, Master."

Gazing at the pen of judgment once again, Lilly suddenly felt the weight of her responsibility.

Oh, dear~

Such small shoulders bear such a heavy burden. She even felt her little arms developing biceps~

She would lift this burden and never misuse the pen of judgment!

Pablo added, "Some people believe in the cycle of reincarnation and the accumulation of good deeds and blessings. But some become arrogant and disrespectful, lacking reverence... and that's when instant karma can come into play."

"After instant karma, you can observe their future behavior and determine their judgment when they enter the cycle of reincarnation."

Some individuals, having received instant karma, would learn to restrain themselves and no longer dare to act recklessly.

Others, having received instant karma, would remain resentful and continue down their previous path.

Lilly nodded. "Yes, I understand!"

**

Darwin sat dumbfounded on the ground.

He felt a weight lifted off his back, yet a sense of loss lingered within him.

What did he lose?

Was it his so-called friend, Max?

The thought of Max made Darwin grit his teeth. Such a friend couldn't be considered a friend at all. What kind of friend wouldn't lend a hand in times of need?

Now, what worried Darwin, even more, was that the three virtual assistants seemed to have vanished completely. Their displays were blank, unresponsive to his pleas.

"It's over. I messed up... I messed up everything!"

The remaining unlucky ghost tilted its head, stretching its limbs, and muttered, "Not really... How can you call this a complete mess? We just need to drive Mr. Martin into bankruptcy, right?"

"Shut up!"

Darwin would never know the truth—that there were no virtual assistants. There were only spirits.

He had hoped to fix things before Mr. Martin arrived, at least to make Dahlia appear...

But the more he tried, the more chaotic it became. Eventually, the kitchen's plumbing system malfunctioned, and water sprayed everywhere, causing the room's components, panels, and devices to short-circuit and emit smoke.

Darwin frantically tried to salvage the situation but ended up slipping and shattering glass and LCD screens into pieces.

When Mr. Martin entered and saw the state of the place, a rush of blood surged to his head, and he almost fainted on the spot.

"Darwin! Go to jail!" Mr. Martin exclaimed in exasperation.

The unlucky ghost chuckled, "Oh, look who's here! The main player has arrived. Come, let me pat your head."

...

After leaving Darwin's "smart home" research center, Lilly and the others retraced their steps.

As the car reached the street where they had encountered the old woman, Lilly suddenly shouted, "Stop the car! Stop the car!"